

# TINSEL CONQUEROR

THE Butchers of Europe are beginning to whine. The Braggart of the Balcony is dumb. Mr Schicklgruber is annoyed because nobody takes any notice of his conquests.

There have been great conquerors in the world who have filled it with fear, who have walked across the stage as masters of the scene. They have fought battles by their valour, leading their soldiers against armed hosts and fighting according to the rules. In such wars it was possible for a conquering General to have some admiration of his foe.

When the Civil War ended with the surrender of Robert E. Lee at Appomattox the sight of that brave old man and his fine sword moved Grant to allow every soldier of the beaten army to keep his sword, and when the fallen General reappeared before his men, telling them to return home and become worthy citizens, "every hat was raised and the bronzed faces of thousands of grim warriors were bathed in tears."

## Where Are the Conquests?

Can anyone imagine a scene like this when Hitler falls? Here is no great soldier who has played the game of war for some good cause, no great statesman who has led his people to war because there was no other way. Here is a mountebank at the head of his slaves, with his bodyguard of butchers and hangmen, flinging millions of Germans to the wolves to satisfy his maniacal lust.

WHAT are the glittering conquests of this tinsel conqueror? We need not wonder that he feels no pride in them. Not one square foot of Europe outside the borders of his own Slave State can this man hold without his gang of spies, his private armies, and his hired assassins. They ring him round with fire and steel, but they too live in terror of their lives. There is no rest for them, no tranquil hour to reflect on great deeds done, great victories won. They dare not sleep lest the avengers of their victims should come in the night.

We cannot wonder that civilisation is baffled and thwarted by this gang of criminals at the head of eighty million slaves and the most powerful forces of barbarism the world has ever known. But the day of civilisation will come; the tide is turning now. He who sees below the surface of the world's affairs knows well what the rumblings among the Nazi butchers mean. The end of their bloodstained day is coming. Their proud conquests glitter no more. They have turned the kingdoms into graveyards and creep about them like the ghosts of men found out.

## Phantom Victories

It is good to remind ourselves of the phantom victories that have blown up these men like so many Mussolinis. It is low murder; and not the high courage of war, that has lifted them to their precarious heights. Faced with their equals, they are driven back across the bodies of their dead. It is only small nations they have beaten down, and not the weakest of them have they conquered. They have not one loyal subject on the whole continent of Europe outside their slave-ridden realm.

These ramshackle brutes who lord over a continent of helpless peoples, chaining their captives and bargaining prisoners for slaves, have begun to tremble for their future both abroad and at home. Not even their

own people can they trust. If things go well with them, the German slaves would welcome them home again, but things do not go well, and day after day heads are rolling in German streets. Never before in the history of the world has the head of a State been driven, as Hitler has been driven, to create a private army of his own *above the law*.

For him, as he looks back on these three years, is one long roll of murder and enslavement. He has crushed his victims by the weight of fire and steel. He has trampled on little countries as an elephant might trample on a mouse. He has won no conquest against well-armed opponents, but has fought like a coward, throwing his mighty armies against small hosts, driving his tanks over women and children and old men, destroying their homes, stealing their harvests, shooting their breadwinners, leaving them to starve. If anybody starves this winter, say the Nazi thieves, it will not be the German people. They will take the bread from the mouths of Europe's little children, for are they not the Herrenvolk, the master race, and are not we their hewers of wood and drawers of water?

## Conquerors of Ourselves

They have fallen so low, these Herrenvolk, that they feel no sense of shame when they trample the weak and are beaten by the strong. Winning or losing, they loot and murder all the way.

WHY is he not elated with his triumphs?

Why are we not downhearted with our calamities? Well he knows the day will come when all his triumphs will dissolve like snowflakes in the sun. Well we know that in our trying days we have built up against the powers of darkness such a power for righteousness as nothing can withstand.

We have been pulled up, awakened from sleep. We have looked on defeat and stared it in the face. But by some miraculous power that has not failed us yet since time began we have come through suffering like a giant refreshed, purified by fire, strengthened by sacrifice. Conquests? Yes, we have conquered ourselves. We are masters of our souls. No little German State are we.

## Something That Will Count

In our long patience we have done something that will count in the story of mankind. We have gathered together the forces of freedom from the ends of the earth. We have broken down old ways and made friends of old foes. We have brought hope to the stricken heart of the desolated peoples. We have been the pathfinders for the powers that will overthrow the embattled devils of tyrants everywhere. We have beaten him alone and shall beat him with the civilised world at our side.

WHEN Nazis whine, then comes rejoicing in two thousand million hearts. The long-drawn misery will end. The foul brood of Nazis will perish. The head bowed down will uplift itself and the strong right arm of the sons of freedom will strike a blow resounding through the world. Europe will be clean and free, and march as one vast brotherhood, with the Great Republic, the scattered Dominions, and the marvellous Empires of Asia, resolved that never again shall the earth be stained with the footprint of the Nazi Beast.

Arthur Mee

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

## Conversation Piece



Soldiers of an airborne division waiting to go aboard a glider at an R A F station where they are being trained

## The Yellow Badge

WE noted recently how the Archbishop of Paris, when the Germans made the Jews of Occupied France wear the Yellow Badge of oppression, took one himself to wear in public.

The other day the Jews of Denmark took a present to King Christian for his 70th birthday. It was a Star of David in gold, and the king wore it to show his friendship for his Jewish subjects, few in number but always loyal Danes.

Hitler had threatened to make the Danish Jews wear the badge, and King Christian made it known that if this order was introduced he himself would wear it. He threatened to do so as a kingly protest against a tyrant's malice; now he has done so as a gesture of respect for a section of his people.

Denmark's beloved monarch for over 30 years, King Christian has had a difficult part to play

since the Nazis invaded his happy little land in the spring of 1940. Armed resistance was impossible, but whatever quiet dignity and unspoken contempt could achieve by way of protest the Danes have done, almost to a man, with their king's steadfastness for their example.

In the early days of the Occupation the Nazi's ugly swastika was hoisted above a public building in Copenhagen and the king at once ordered it to be removed. When the German commander refused, the king replied that if it was not removed by the Germans before noon a Danish soldier would take it down.

"Then the Danish soldier will be shot," said the commandant.

At about five minutes to twelve King Christian sent another message to say "I am the Danish soldier," and the swastika was removed at once.



## The Forgotten Republic Wakes Up

**L**IBERIA, which is joining the United Nations and is now occupied by United States troops, will no doubt be glad to see the Americans, for this country of black people, almost the size of England, was founded as a Republic for liberated slaves by the American Colonisation Society in 1820.

In 1847 it was recognised as an independent State, but despite a nominally free constitution the experiment has not been as successful as the many friends of the Negro race could have wished.

Haiti, older as a State by nearly 20 years, has been more of a success; so has its neighbour Dominica. These two Negro republics divide between them the West Indian island of San Domingo. In recent years, though still rather primitive, they have made good progress socially and commercially, while Liberia has made no progress at all.

Haiti and Dominica have had help from America, close at hand; Liberia, almost forgotten by its founders, has neither invited nor received any help from the neighbouring British and French colonies in West Africa.

It could have benefited very much from that help in many ways. Though the Republic extends inland for 200 miles, the writ of President Barclay does not run very far through the mangrove swamps and tropical uplands.

Indeed, the frontier force of four or five hundred, poorly armed and equipped troops which constitute Liberia's only army has never been able to patrol the ill-defined frontiers, much less keep order or control over the fierce bush tribes which make up most of the population.

There are at least 1,500,000 people, but not more than 12,000

are real Liberians with any sort of education and civilisation. The rest are primitive and untamed savages, who have fought for over a century against any effective attempt to reduce them to submission.

So it is that Liberia has made little progress.

The population has declined, and there has been much trouble. Of late years an American rubber tyre company has done something to improve conditions, and since this war broke out various factors have brought new prosperity to the country. Monrovia is an important centre for our war effort, and will cease to be a big grimy village. Roads and railways, the absence of which has doomed the country to consistent failure, are being laid out at urgent war speed, aerodromes are in being, and the eleven ports are being opened up and developed.

There is no intention to take away the sovereignty of the Liberian Republic as the result of military occupation. The importance of helping the Negro in independence is too vital to the world for any premature confession of failure.

But as never until now has it been thought necessary for effective planning to be given to Liberia, it may be that with these benefits a greater confidence will be inspired, and the rulers of the Republic may see that the country is given a chance to be prosperous, contented, and peaceable.

## Ten Young Quakers

**T**HIS story is told of ten young Quakers who were determined to reach Libya as volunteer ambulance drivers. The headquarters of the Friends Ambulance Unit in this country, however, disclaims any connection with this little party of adventurers, and says they must have been an advance section of an American Field Service organisation.

While on their way to Libya they were torpedoed in the Mediterranean and took to one of the ship's boats. Some hours later they hailed a passing ship:

"Where's your ship bound for?" When the reply was that the ship was bound for Britain they said, "No, thanks; we're going to Libya." Then another vessel hove to, wishing to rescue them, but this ship was going to Canada; so once more they declined any help with thanks and went on their way.

Finally, after going nearly 200 miles, their petrol gave out but they were able to row the rest of the way. Owing to the retreat Libya was out of the question, and the part is now in Egypt.

## School Courts During the Great War

DEAR EDITOR, You describe the School Courts referred to by the Mayor of Stockport to try juvenile offenders.

This is an excellent idea, as I proved during the days of the Great War, when children suffered greatly from lack of parental control. In my school of St Saviour's at Bath, then a seven-standard school, a tribunal sat weekly. The whole district had been divided into areas comprising three or four streets each. The boys of each region formally elected their own captain and vice-captain, who had to be resident in his own area. Each captain furnished weekly reports when necessary, not only on misdeeds, but on acts of neighbourliness, kindness, national service

(these being stressed and duly commended in full assembly).

Sentences of "Coventry," varying in degree according to the offence, were awarded by general agreement among the captains, who made certain that the sentences were carried out. On more than one occasion offenders asked to be punished with the stick rather than face the ostracism of their fellows, but corporal punishment in such cases had to receive parental consent. Although there may be minor points of objection in such a scheme by sticklers on ethics, it was found to work very well, and the sense of responsibility inculcated in the captains created a centre of stability in each area.

FRANCIS J. GARRAWAY, BATH

## LITTLE NEWS REELS

**T**HE Nazis have forbidden their officers to have any social contact with the Danes.

The Archbishop of Canterbury declares that, while Germany must be punished for her cruelties, her people must be given a chance of becoming good neighbours.

Twelve hundred local authorities are arranging depots for metal scrap.

Norwegian schools have been closed owing to lack of fuel.

Books are badly wanted for the Forces; any post office will send them on.

Battersea Central Mission began ten years ago in a stable, and is now appealing for £250 to turn a greyhound track into a recreation ground.

JAMES HITCHIN, a Liverpool sea-man torpedoed with his mates, swam through shark-infested waters for a bundle of blankets floating 400 yards from the raft.

About 700 schools have now adopted ships and have sent 700 parcels to them in the last six months.

An evacuee from Lowestoft has made a model of Netherthong Church, in Yorkshire, with 5541 matches.

The French people are facing starvation owing to the Nazis stealing their food.

British shipyards have repaired and refitted 20,000 ships during the war.

Our convoys during the war have equalled a journey 6000 times round the world.

### Scout News Reel

**T**HE Scout Gilt Cross has been awarded to Patrol Leader Leslie Bryan Hessey, aged 12, for rescuing a 14-year-old boy from drowning.

The 1st Balderton Scout Group has collected and baled more than 143 tons of waste-paper—75 tons of it this year.

Rover Scout John Williams, injured in attempting to save a two-year-old boy who had run in front of a car, has been awarded the Scout Gilt Cross.

FOURTEEN Wolf Cubs of Nottingham raised £5 10s 6d for the Red Cross and £3 3s for the B-P Fund by making Teddy Bears and other toys.

Catching moles and selling their skins has enabled one Scout Troop to send a substantial sum to the B-P Fund.

**T**HE traitor Government of Vichy has given French citizenship rights to 500 Gestapo spies.

More than 75,000 educational books have been sent to British prisoners of war.

The 600,000 unnaturalised Italians living in U.S.A. are no longer to be regarded as enemy aliens.

Christmas toys have been released by the Board of Trade, and prices have been controlled.

The Spanish Government has released 20,000 political prisoners.

## THINGS SEEN

For Sale—New York's Aquarium with no fish in it.

A Northwood lady in her 100-year-old carriage collecting salvage.

Ripe strawberries in a London garden.

## THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

**I**T was Harvest Thanksgiving and the church was beautifully decorated. There were so many flowers that the pulpit was almost lost in its gorgeous array. There were brilliant chrysanthemums, masses of Michaelmas daisies, and hot-house plants from the conservatory at the Hall. The preacher had a word with the boys and girls, and this is what he said:

We are all very grateful, of course, to the ladies who have decorated our church. How beautiful it is! But the decorations are not quite finished. There is still something to add, and I am going to finish the work they began.

I happened to be taking a walk down a lane yesterday, and there, in the damp grass near the hedge, were two or three poor little flowers. They were not as showy as these chrysanthemums, nor as gay as the Michaelmas daisies; they were just poor little things about two inches high, and I stopped and looked down at them, and they

seemed to be saying that they had done their best.

So I said to them: "Well, you know, there are big doings at church tomorrow, and there will be a lot of fine flowers. Would you like to be there too?"

They thought they would, but that they were not big or fine enough, so I bent down and said: "You have done your best, so you shall go to church with me tomorrow, and, though you arrive there last, you shall be first."

With these words the preacher took out of his pocket three white daisies and placed them at the front of the pulpit.

## Cornwall Remembers Two Brothers

**C**ORNWALL has just paid homage to the memory of two of her most distinguished sons.

They were brothers, Thomas and William Lobb, who for several years travelled over the world searching for rare and beautiful plants and shrubs to enrich the gardens and shrubberies of the Homeland. Many of their discoveries went to America too.

Their quest took them to the far corners of the earth, where they searched and searched as men seeking great treasure. During the Victorian era they brought to our soil the fragrance, charm, and colour of Eastern countries, and of North and South America.

Many of our gardens would have been deprived of much of their sweet-smelling loveliness were it not for the untiring industry of men like these intrepid Cornish botanists, who faced unknown perils to give to our beloved countryside some of the glory of distant lands.

Such introductions have not always proved a blessing. The Scotsman, for instance, who emigrated to South America and

took with him some thistle seeds to make his surroundings more home-like unconsciously carried with him a pest, as did the settler who took rabbits to Australia. But the introductions made by the Lobbs were destined to beautify rather than despoil. William is said to have been remarkably gifted with a technical knowledge of plants. While travelling in Nevada he discovered the biggest trees in the world, varying from 250 to 300 feet in height.

Now, in the district of their birth, Cornwall has honoured her illustrious sons by erecting a memorial tablet at Devoran Parish Church, near Truro, and planting shrubs in the churchyard. The tablet bears this inscription:

"In memory of Thomas Lobb buried in this Churchyard 3rd May 1894 and of his elder brother William, who died in America; two collectors of plants from foreign countries who rendered distinguished service to British horticulture."

Thus it is hoped to keep the names of these brothers alive in the minds of future generations.

## THE MAN WHO SAVED CEYLON

**I**n Ceylon tribute is being paid to one of the war's outstanding heroes, Squadron-Leader Birchall of Saint John, New Brunswick.

He was captain of the Catalina flying-boat which last April sighted the Japanese invasion fleet while on patrol duty 350 miles south of the island. The warning he sent gave the armed forces of Ceylon time to prepare the hot reception for the enemy which thrilled the world.

Sad to say, no further word was heard from the daring skipper and his crew, and it is thought they must have been brought down by the enemy; but their gallant sacrifice has not been forgotten. Business men in Colombo have now founded a Birchall Fund in aid of the island's war effort, and today the Canadian from Saint John is called The Man Who Saved Ceylon.

## What 50 Boys Have Done

Fifty boy carpenters, plumbers, and electricians are busy at Aycliffe, County Durham, on a Government contract. They are fitting up a new kind of school.

It is a rush job: some premises used as a workers' hostel have to be converted into a school for 500 boys in so many days. Under Headmaster John Vardy, of the Liverpool Farm School, the boys secured the contract, and they have installed electric light, built a greenhouse, pulled down old walls and built new ones, and done all the plumbing.

### A Proud Record

The President of the Board of Education, Mr. Butler, has been calling attention to the splendid record of the schools in War Savings. More than 95 per cent of schools run Savings Groups, and they are collecting savings at the rate of £20,000,000 a year!



## Guarding the Old Lady

THOUGH fire-guard duty is now compulsory for women almost everywhere, it does not yet apply to the City of London. All the same, the City has its women fire-guards; hundreds are already on duty at the Bank.

The Bank still has a huge staff in London, though it has other big staffs in country areas. Many women volunteered for fire-guard long before conscription for women was introduced, and more have come since. They are on duty every night, training with the men, and they wear the same uniform of blue dungarees.

Many of the girls are very young, some only 16. They are exceptionally proud of belonging to the Bank, as they well may be, for not only does the Bank of England pay well, but it looks

very closely after their interests in every way.

All the great banks have a say in the private lives of their employees, making this a condition of employment. The maternal rule of the Bank of England, at any rate, is not resented by its employees, whose spirit is fine. They regard themselves as members of the greatest institution of its kind in the world. And indeed there is nothing anywhere on earth quite like the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

A special squad of His Majesty's Guards still marches every night to protect the Bank of England, but the staff do not intend, in these great days, to leave this responsibility to any other hands than theirs, not even to the Guards.

## THREE CHEERS FOR SIX CHIEFS

Six Red Indian Chiefs arrived in Washington not long ago and notified the President of the United States that the Iroquois Confederacy had declared war against Germany, Italy, and Japan.

These feathered and buck-skinned red men represented the Senecas, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Mohawks, the Confederation which 300 years ago ruled a great part of America's Indian population.

They represented the oldest though smallest democracy in the world, the chiefs proudly told the President.

Three cheers for the newest member of the United Nations!

## 1000 Accidents a Day

THE report of the Chief Inspector for Factories for 1941 should be known to everyone. It particularly affects our women war workers, who have suffered seriously in dangerous occupations.

The facts are summed up in the statement that accidents in factories are so many that they cause the loss of 600 million hours a year. Let us remember that these figures do not include mining, shipping, transport, and agriculture.

The cheerful part of the record is that most of the workers retain their vitality; this is officially attributed to good canteen work, which has made an enormous improvement in the working health conditions. Much is said of absenteeism,

but this Report shows us that we should speak more of gratitude to the many who work under most trying conditions. In so many cases the worker is a member of a family whose home life has been destroyed, or who has to combine domestic with factory work, or has difficulty in getting to work.

We need maximum production; to obtain it we have to prevent accidents, to secure proper ventilation, light, and heat, and to safeguard health and hours of labour.

It will come as a surprise to many to learn that only a quarter of the factory accidents are caused by machinery.

As to the figures, fatal factory accidents have increased from 944 in 1938 to 1646 last year, while non-fatal accidents have risen from 179,000 to 270,000. These read like the figures of a big battle, and we look to our employers and inspectors alike to reduce them. At the present time factory accidents are approaching a thousand a day.

## YOUNG AMERICA'S WAR HELP

College students in America have been planning to help the war effort.

In Stanford University they have had a Clean Your Plate Campaign, students in fraternity and dormitory halls being pledged to eat everything on their plates. As a result, better nutrition for the hardworking young people and a conservation of food are being realised.

This was followed by Carless Wednesdays, when students walk or ride bicycles to class, regardless of distance.

Immediately successful was Stamp Day, held every Thursday, when each student is urged to buy at least one 25-cent War Stamp. On the first Stamp Day 40 per cent of the student body participated, and in four weeks 72 per cent.

## HARMONY IN JERUSALEM

For the second year in succession a Children's Music Festival has been held in Jerusalem.

This year children of fifteen nations and of nine religious groups (Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan) took part. They sang American Negro spirituals, European folk songs and Arabic songs, and played works of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, and others. Their conductor was an American Quaker from Illinois.

Race and religion have too frequently been causes of discord in Jerusalem. In the cooperation of these children to make music, we may perhaps see hope for harmonious relations between them as they grow older.

## The Clocks of the Animals

So many tales are told of the way wild creatures know the time that it has been suggested that they have an internal clock to tell them the hour, though we may be sure that it is not like the famous clock the crocodile swallowed in Peter Pan. But it is said that always at 6 o'clock the fruit bats (or flying foxes) of Australia leave the trees where they cluster and fly off in a body to seek their evening meal. Similarly, small smelts off the coast of South California come

up punctually an hour from high tide to lay their eggs on the wet sand.

There are many explanations of these and other examples of time-keeping, but the best authenticated are these, and the bees on the Experimental Entomological Station at Cambridge. Bees do not hear, but presumably they have a keen sense of smell. This might explain why they come punctually at 9 a.m. or 2 p.m., when Dr Hirst puts out sugar for them.

## EVERYBODY'S YEAR FOR THE NATION

A booklet on The Better World has grown out of a Discussion Group following the National Brotherhood Convention at Nottingham in 1941, and is crammed with ideas for discussion.

The idea which many like best is that all young people should give a Community Year of service to the State when they are 19. The year would be spent in camps and hostels, and its main purpose would be the preparation for citizenship and the development of the art of living together as a community.

The booklet can be had through the Brotherhood Movement (150 Southampton Row, WC1) at 3d.

## THE MOSQUITO PLANE

Britain's new Mosquito plane has been much in the news lately, but the R.A.F. has another mosquito plane which carries on with a good work unhonoured and unsung.

This is the Lysander, the Army Cooperation plane which, with its high wings and sprawling undercarriage, somewhat resembles a daddy-long-legs. In the Middle East a Lysander may often be seen flying low, emitting from its fuselage a flood of greenish-yellow vapour. It is carrying out the mosquito patrol, spraying with an oily substance the swamps and lakes near an R.A.F. aerodrome.

The oily cloud, settling on the water, brings death to the larvae of the mosquito which causes malaria. By this and other means the R.A.F. has maintained a high standard of health in districts where malaria was formerly common. The mosquito patrol is just one more added to the list of useful jobs carried out by the ungainly and relatively slow-moving Lysander.

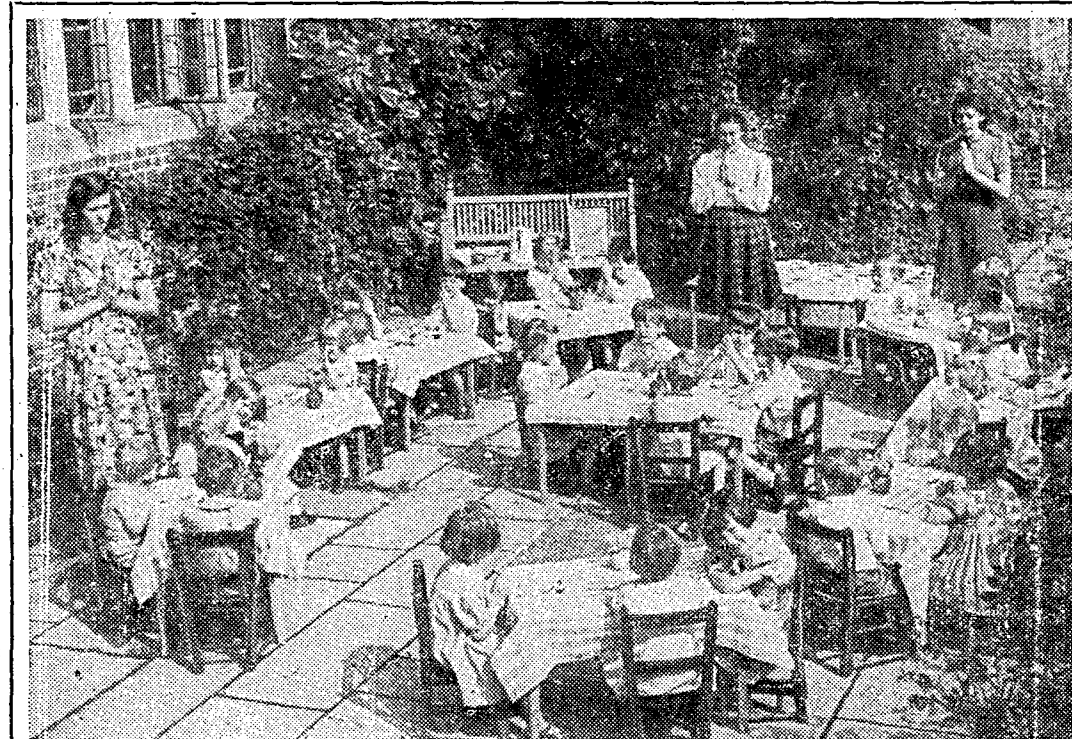
## The Blind Leads the Blind

A LADY was lost the other night in a London suburb.

Presently a man approached, and she asked him to direct her. "You are going north when you should be walking south," he said, adding, "I have to go your way; permit me to be your escort as far as I go." After they had walked some distance there came a break in the footpath. "Will you have my torch?" asked the lady. "No,

thanks, I can see quite well," he said. "See, in this darkness?" she asked in surprise. "Well, when I say see I speak figuratively; as a matter of fact, I am blind, but I know the neighbourhood perfectly," the man replied.

In a few minutes he had led her over the cross-roads at which she had lost her way, and in two minutes more she was telling the story of her adventure safe in her own home.



## Saying Grace

Tiny evacuees from London saying Grace before lunch in the grounds of Glyndbourne, Sussex, where they are now staying.

## INSTEAD OF RUBBER

While waiting for rubber, invention has taken a hand, and a new plastic made of castor oil and ethyl cellulose is being made to resemble it. This synthetic rubber is not elastic and will not bounce, but it can be used for washers, gloves, gaskets, and garden hose. At the same time a new lubricant is being manufactured to keep the surgeon's rubber gloves soft and preserve them from cracking. It is made of starch, distilled water, and two chemicals. The rotting of the gloves is prevented, and the lubricant sterilises the gloves and keeps them free from bacteria.

## ENQUIRE THE WAY

A farmhouse, set amid lonely West Country lanes, bears the intriguing name of Enquire-the-Way. No one seems to know why or when it was christened, but the theory is that in olden times, when road indicators were few and far between, many travellers lost their bearings and called in to enquire the way.

Since the early days of the war, when signposts were removed, the number of people who have enquired the way all over the country has been enormous!

In the deserts of the Middle East, too, our men often enquire the way! A Cornishman writing home tells how he asked to be directed to a distant camp, and this was what he was told: "Carry on until you've passed four YMCAs, then turn left, and keep going until you reach the 80th telegraph post, and there you are."

## FIFTH COLUMN

Alcohol should be regarded as a Fifth Column, the enemy within our gates, sabotaging armament output, sapping morale, and responsible for physical unfitness. Bishop of Rochester

## WORLD TELEPHONE

In the brave new world we hope to make, the telephone will reach every corner of the globe.

Experiments already made on land foreshadow the submarine telephone cables that are coming. There will be a submarine cable beneath the Atlantic through which 12 conversations at once will be made possible by the insertion of vacuum tube repeaters every 40 miles, and the current for them will be carried within the cable. These repeaters will act for 20 years without attention.



## The EDITOR'S TABLE

### The Nation at Work

At the call of the Government the nation is now so fully at work that the count of the unemployed for September revealed fewer than 100,000 men, women, boys, and girls wholly unemployed, and of these only 51,546 were men.

We point to these facts as proving what a nation can do for employment when it has the mind and heart to set about work in earnest. We look forward to the day when there will exist a Government sufficiently intent upon the purposes of peace to call its people to the abolition of poverty.

### A VERY KIND SOUL

SURELY everyone should know that there is no "colour bar" in our land. Yet the manager of a snack-bar in Oxford says that when a coloured United States soldier came into his establishment recently he very diffidently presented an open letter from his commanding officer saying that

*Private — is a soldier in the U S Army, and it is necessary that he sometimes has a meal, which he has on occasions found difficult to obtain. I will be grateful if you would look after him.*

The manager adds that he felt ashamed that in our country, where even stray dogs are looked after by special societies, and toy dogs are petted by rich women in restaurants, the question of colour should arise. In this case there seems to have been no objection from other customers, and the manager tells us that the coloured soldier showed his appreciation of service by a donation of just twice the amount of his bill to a collecting box for the blind. Evidently a very kind soul.

### The Two Gospels

*The Sermon on the Mount*

I SAY unto you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you. Jesus

*The Sermon on the Balcony*

You must love Italy and hate your enemies. Mussolini

## Under the Editor's Table

IN the matter of coal economy people must make up their minds. Not their fires.

CHOCOLATE is short. But the sight of it makes us long.

DR. GOEBBELS thinks Germany needs more light fiction. We presume his fiction is too heavy.

WOMEN are playing their part in the war. But it feels like working.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If we shall need a ruler when the world is straight

WE hear of a rich man who has a room with glass walls. People can see through his eccentricities.

It is difficult to know what the weather is going to be, says a writer. It isn't; it's impossible.

## The Language Spoilers

WE feared that our Foreign Secretary's sad example would be catching, and we grieve to see that the City Editor of the excellent Sunday Times has now joined the By-and-Largers.

A much-esteemed reader who greatly dislikes the phrase writes to explain that, meaningless as it appears, it has a nautical use; yachtsmen speak of sailing against the wind as *by* the wind, and sailing with the wind behind as sailing *large*. In rowing also, we are told, *By* indicates a head wind and *Large* a leading wind. From all of which we are invited to gather that *By-and-Large* means "Taken all round."

We are glad to know that there are a few honest *By-and-Largers* on their yachts, and surely we must pay them homage, for they must have been at Dunkirk; but we entirely fail to understand why such an ugly phrase, meaning nothing whatever to nine in ten who use it, should be taken out of the nautical dictionary and brought into everyday speech.

Another reader informs us that the phrase is Scottish, but we earnestly hope not, glad as we are to find it is not English.

If we may put on record our detestation of the unpleasant changes coming over our beautiful language, they appear to be in three stages, which we will note with an example of each:

**Inevitable English**

*A nearby hotel*

**Slovenly English**

*Help save England*

**Imbecile English**

*By and large*

The dropping of the little word *To* in the second stage is the commonest of all the vices of our day, and is mere slovenly English, though we have read it in *The Times*, the *BBC* regularly offends in this way, and the Ministry of Supply now drops the little conjunction—which may be due to its shortage of intellectual supplies. Yet it is singular, for this word of two letters is so important that it has almost the longest definition in the *Oxford Dictionary*, which gives 24,000 words to explain it.

## GOEBBELS OR GOETHE?

GERMAN writers have been informed by Goebbels, the monkey-like man of the Nazis, that it is their duty to write according to Nazi doctrine. He complains that there are German authors who refuse to do so, and are altogether intolerable.

This is a striking confession that Germany still has men of courage who refuse to exalt the savagery of the Nazi gang. Germany's greatest intellectual gift to the world was Goethe, man of action, poet, and philosopher. Were he alive today the only place for him would be a dungeon or the concentration camp. What would the murderous Gestapo say of this illustrious countryman with his dictum, "We have no right to require of any man what goes against his nature to perform?"

Hitler and his creatures seek to nurture Germany on hate, but Goethe declared that "National hatred is something peculiar; you will always find it most violent in the lowest degree of culture." Again he said, "If we were to put ourselves in the place of others, the hatred and envy they so often excite in us would subside."

The Nazis flout every precept Goethe propounded, justifying his declaration that "Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance." Clearly the tomb preserves this righteous thinker from the prison cell.

### The Sleepy Roads of England

IT is a hundred years since *The Times* was pointing out the effect of the Birmingham Railroad on road traffic.

The Leeds Express, called the Sleepy Leeds of the road, had ceased running after a century. Barnet, Redbourne, and other towns were mere shadows of the past; and between Barnet and St Albans a patch of grass was growing two feet wide in the middle of the road.

On the other hand, since the railway went to Brighton "the crowded and bustling appearance of the streets during the summer must have struck every one."

### JUST AN IDEA

*Is there an honest German? If so, there he must be thinking now of Thomas Jefferson's great words: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just."*

## RUSSIA'S RIVER OF DESTINY Song of the Stalingrad Men,

RIVERS have always played a mighty part in history, nor is this surprising, for from the earliest days they have been the simplest means of communication, and have linked mankind where land frontiers have but served to divide peoples from their neighbours.

The great rivers St Lawrence, the Rhine, the Danube, the Ganges, the Nile and the Euphrates, the Mississippi and the Missouri, rivers of history throughout the ages; the mighty Amazon and the Niger, the Congo and the Zambesi, the Yukon and the Mackenzie; the Thames and Tiber and Seine and Vistula—all these have carried life and spirit and beauty and riches along their waters. But of all the rivers of the world today it is the Volga that holds our imagination in this, the most majestic hour of its mighty history.

The Volga was known to most of us before the war through its famous 100-year-old Boat Song, "Pull away, lads..." with its mournful, dirge-like melody, significant of primitive toil, the age-long struggle of mankind against the forces of Nature, terrible, jealous, exacting. We still thought, even in those years of Russia's third Five-Year Plan, that it was the muscles of sturdy peasants, straining at crude tow-ropes, which made much of Russia's trade and traffic possible. We did not think of the greatest river in Europe as a modern water-highway.

### The Song of the Heroes

But that is what it is today. The Volga has always been, in the literal sense, the main stream of Russian life. At this moment, with the murderous Nazi armies and the brave hosts of Timoshenko locked in vast battle on its banks, the passage of the Volga at Stalingrad is being held with dauntless courage because, for the sake of Russia and for the sake of the civilised world, it must not be lost, if men can save it. The Volga Boat Song has become the boat song of the heroes of Stalingrad. *Pull away, lads...*

The Volga (the Slav word means simply river) is not by any means the greatest and longest river in the world. Though it spans nearly 2400 miles in its journey from the Valdai Hills to the Caspian Sea, more than ten times the length of our Thames, it comes only 14th in the world's list.

Yet its inward inspiration, always greater than we realised, has been supreme in the fierce years between our two terrible wars. In that period, when so much of life in Russia has been changed beyond recognition, the Volga has seen wondrous changes.

The boatmen still chant their song, but they sing it to the hum of motors driving great speed-boats, luxurious craft flying at 60 miles per hour over its slowly tumbling waters. They pause in their song to cheer powerful units of Russia's gunboat fleet, now helping to stem the tide of the Nazi savages advancing on the city which was once, as ancient Tsaritsyn, no more than a small provincial capital. They know that in ten or twenty short years a new and brilliant future has dawned for them and for their river, in which the muscles of men will still be important but will have the entire development of modern machinery and the full scale of modern science to set them in play.

Though the distance as the crow flies from the source of the river to its mouth is no more than 900 miles, north-west to south-east, there is no direction of the compass in which the Volga does not flow. In this respect it is about the strangest river in the world, for it begins by flowing due south a little way, then turns north-north-east, then due east, then north to Mologa.

Now the Volga turns and flows, first east-south-east, then almost due east until it reaches Nijni-Novgorod, and then Kazan. These are its first great ports. Nijni-Novgorod, a lovely old city many times ravaged and de-

### Pull Away, La



stroyed, drew English merchants to its market seven centuries ago. Since 1817 its great Fair has drawn customers and sight-seers across the world from Germany to China, and since 1932 the Russians have expected the world to forget all this and know the colourful city by its new name of Gorki.

### A Mongol Capital

As for Kazan, still the chief intellectual centre of Eastern Russia, the Tartars founded it in the 15th century. It was the capital of the Mongol Kingdom for over a hundred years, until Ivan the Terrible captured and sacked it in 1552, and ended the Mongol dynasty. Here the Volga is already half a mile wide, and here and to Nijni-Novgorod the singing boatmen have come for generations, bringing to market goods which now travel far more urgently and swiftly.

At Kazan the Volga turns south, past the important town of Simbirsk, and then south-east to a town still more important, though unimportant, and neglected until a year ago, when the threat to Moscow developed; we



## The Lad From the Grocer's Shop

*Captain Cook ran away from a grocer's shop. Here is the story of another boy who left a grocer's shop and went to sea.*

WHILE the American Navy comes to grips over the wide expanse of the Pacific with the Japanese, away in Washington works the Navy's head, Mr Frank Knox. His story is as romantic as any in the amazing pages of the American people.

He was born in Boston, but spent his early years at Grand Rapids in the State of Michigan, where his father was a grocer. In 1885 his father was doing badly in business, so Frank, aged eleven, decided to help, and every morning at three o'clock he got up to deliver newspapers. Going to college, he worked his way through by waiting at table.

It was a rough life for young Knox, and then came the Spanish-American War. He enlisted, and afterwards came home as a reporter on the local paper.

But Knox had ambition. He was not content with remaining a reporter. He started publishing on his own account, and fought hard against corruption and high taxation. He loved America first, he told people, and parties afterwards.

That faith carried Frank Knox through the last war, and it has raised him high in this. Although he was 43 he enlisted last time, and has been known

ever since as Colonel Knox. Mr Hearst, America's great newspaper owner, had his eye on him and made him general manager of all his properties, with a salary of £30,000 a year.

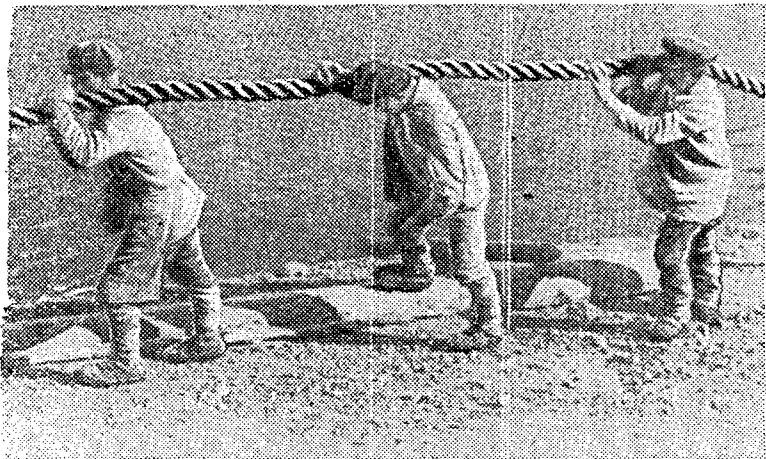
Suddenly in 1930 Knox gave it all up and began publishing his own paper, the Chicago Daily News. Swift decisions have always been characteristic of him. It was a swift decision which made him fly to Pearl Harbour last December, when disaster fell on the U.S. Navy. He likes to know for himself.

Another man soon had his eye on him. Although he was a political opponent of President Roosevelt, the President offered him in 1940 the headship of the American Navy.

He loves the Navy and the Navy loves him. He encourages everyone to speak frankly and is never afraid of doing so himself. "Action, action, speed, speed!" are his war mottoes. His fierce energy is speeding warship building. "When the day of Hitler's defeat comes," he says, "sea-power will again be dominant, and its centre will not be in London but in Washington." The newsboy of other days will be there leading in the ships of victory.

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## ds—Song of the Volga Boatmen



have come to know it as Kuibyshev. Twisting and turning the Volga reaches the ancient town of Tsaritsyn, which is today Stalingrad, named after Russia's valiant leader. Thence it turns south-east, and finally south to Astrakhan and the delta which spreads its many fingers into the Caspian Sea.

Until winter freezes its waters into relentless ice the Volga is navigable for practically its whole length. Far distant from Moscow as it is, other rivers and canals link it with Russia's capital of today, as they do with Russia's capital of yesterday, that heroic city which made no history when it was St Petersburg, but has earned deathless fame as Leningrad. The Soviet Union has linked the Caspian with the White Sea and the Polar regions through the newly-developed and "modernised" waters of the Volga, and the traffic on these waters is now truly colossal.

No wonder Hitler hazarded the holocaust of Stalingrad. No wonder he has thrown hundreds of thousands of young lives, German, Italian, Rumanian, Hungarian, into that flaming inferno.

If only he could take the Volga crossing here he would have cut the very lifeline of Russia. Already he has deprived her of her greatest granary, in the Ukraine, of her orchards and vineyards in the Crimea, of so much of her oil and other wealth in the Caucasus; and he has enslaved more than one-third of her people in doing this.

### The Grave of Nazidom

But not for long. The ruins of Stalingrad will yet defy him; her stout hearts are indestructible, and her noble river still flows as the symbol of Russia's vigorous future. The people who joined the Volga with Moscow by nearly 800 miles of waterway, built the White Sea Canal to link Leningrad by water with Murmansk, and made a channel deep enough for warships to sail from the Black Sea to the Caspian, are of the same stuff as the soldiers and workers who will yet make Stalingrad and its immortal river the grave of Nazidom and all its filthy host. "Pull away, lads," the Volga flows on, like the blood in the veins of Mighty Russia.

## 50 POEMS WE SHOULD KNOW

By Writers Nobody Knows

Most of us use everyday familiar sayings whose origin is lost in mystery. We have looked out 50 poems whose origin is quite unknown, and give the first instalment of them below. The others will follow in a week or two.

### Distance Enchanteth

THE sails we see on the ocean  
Are as white as white can be;  
But never a one in the harbour  
Is as white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain  
With purple and gold delight  
Turn to cold grey mist and vapour  
Ere ever we reach the height.

O distance, thou dear chanter,  
Still hold in thy magic veil  
The glory of far-off mountains,  
The gleam of the far-off sail.

Hide in thy robes of splendour,  
O mountain, cold and gray;  
O sail, in thy snowy whiteness,  
Come not into port, I pray!

### THE WORLD'S FOOLS

THE world of fools has such a store,  
That he who would not see an ass  
Must bide at home and bolt his door,  
And break his looking-glass.

### Love Will Find the Way

OVER the mountains  
And over the waves,  
Under the fountains  
And under the graves;  
Under floods that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obey,  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way.

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist;  
Or you may inveigle  
The Phoenix of the East;  
The lioness, you may move her  
To give over her prey;  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:  
He will find out the way.

There is no striving  
To cross his intent;  
There is no contriving  
His plots to prevent;  
But if once the message greet him  
That his True Love doth stay,  
If Death should come and meet him,  
Love will find out the way.

### ST ANTHONY'S SERMON

ST ANTHONY at church  
Was left in the lurch,  
So he went to the ditches  
And preached to the fishes;  
They wriggled their tails,  
In the sun glanced their scales.

The sermon now ended,  
Each turned and descended;  
The pikes went on stealing,  
The eels went on eeling;  
Much delighted were they,  
But preferred the old way.

### Sleeping and Waking

I SLEPT and dreamed that life  
Was Beauty;  
I woke and found that life was  
Duty:  
Was then thy dream a shadowy  
Lie?  
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,  
And thou shalt find thy dreams  
To be  
A noonday light and truth to thee.

### FORGET-ME-NOT

WHEN to the flowers-beautiful  
The Father gave a name,  
Back came a little blue-eyed one  
(All timidly it came):  
And standing at the Father's feet,  
And gazing in His face,  
It said in low and trembling tones,  
With sweet and gentle grace,  
"Dear God, the name Thou gavest  
me,  
Alas! I have forgot."  
Then kindly looked the Father  
down,  
And said, "Forget Me-not."

### Be Wise in Time, Fair Maid

LOVE in thy youth, fair maid,  
Be wise,  
Old Time will make thee colder,  
And though each morning new  
arise,  
Yet we each day grow older.  
Thou as heaven art fair and  
young,  
Thine eyes like twin stars shinin-

g;  
But ere another day be sprung,  
All these will be declining;  
Then winter comes with all his  
fears,  
And all thy sweets shall borrow;  
Too late then wilt thou shower  
thy tears,  
And I too late shall sorrow.

### COMING THROUGH THE RYE

GIN a body meet a body  
Comin' through the rye,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?  
Every lassie has her laddie,  
Ne'er a one has I;  
Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
When comin' through the rye.

### The Rarer Joys

THE rarer pleasure is, it is more  
sweet,  
And friends are kindest when  
they seldom meet.  
Who would not hear the night-  
ingale still sing,  
Or who grew ever weary of the  
spring?  
The day must have her night,  
the spring her fall,  
All is divided, none is lord of all.  
It were a most delightful thing  
To live in a perpetual spring.

## CARRY ON

### SWEET COUNTRY LIFE

A COUNTRY life is sweet.  
In moderate cold and heat,  
To walk in the air, how pleasant  
and fair!  
In every field of wheat,  
The fairest of flowers adorning  
the bowers,  
And every meadow's brow;  
To that I say, no courtier may  
Compare with they who clothe  
in grey  
And follow the useful plough.  
They rise with the morning lark,  
And labour till almost dark;  
Then, folding their sheep, they  
hasten to sleep;  
While every pleasant park  
Next morning is ringing with  
birds that are singing  
On each green tender bough.  
With what content and merri-  
ment,  
Their days are spent whose  
minds are bent  
To follow the useful plough.

### MY LADY

APRIL is my lady's face,  
And July in her eyes hath place;  
Within her bosom is September,  
But in her heart a cold December.

### Prayer 400 Years Old

O, Lord of Bliss,  
Remember this,  
How man's mind is like the  
moon,  
Is variable,  
Frail and unstable,  
At morning, night, and noon,  
Though he unkind  
Have not in mind,  
What Ye for him have done,  
Yet have compassion;  
For our salvation,  
Forsake not man so soon.  
Awhile him spare,  
He shall prepare  
Himself to You anon,  
With heart and mind,  
Loving and kind,  
To serve but You alone.

### SMILES AND TEARS

HE or she that hopes to gain  
Love's best sweet without  
some pain,  
Hopes in vain.  
Cupid's livery no one wears  
But must put on hopes and fears,  
Smiles and tears.



A wali among the hills of the Lake Country



## TRANSFORMATION OF LONDON Why Not?

LONDON'S reward for all this war's destruction, if the Royal Academy Planning Committee has its way, will be its transformation into the finest city in the world.

For another month there remains open at the Royal Academy the exhibition of a scheme of architectural development for London which has been drawn up by a combination of architects and engineers.

The result is a city of dreams. William Blake would have loved it, and would have thought his Jerusalem would come at last. It would satisfy the longings of London's reformers for generations past, and the realisation of it, should it become possible, will engage the best creative minds for the rest of this century. Well may it be that those who are now young will see this dream fulfilled.

It is years since Sir Charles Bressy drew up his great report for reconstructing Greater London. It was a marvellous document, but had the drawback of being an engineering plan drawn up without due regard to natural amenities. The Royal Academy plan is the Bressy report with a plus; it is indeed known as the Bressy-Lutyens Report, Sir Edwin Lutyens being chairman and Sir Charles Bressy vice-chairman of the committee which had made it.

The twelve great points of the plan provide for a ring road linking all the great railway stations, some of them moved to better positions; a circular electric railway underground connecting these stations; all lines within this circle electrified and underground; canals used for transport; development of open spaces; river frontages with gardens from Putney to the

Tower; removal of markets; residential squares closed to traffic; small streets paved over as shopping centres and closed to traffic; dignified access to public buildings; relief roads for main traffic routes; nobler buildings and street vistas.

Anyone can see how well and comprehensively this great scheme is conceived, and the C.N. earnestly hopes that its readers will see it come true. Some of its results would be to make a quiet sanctuary of Westminster by taking traffic away from it; to add dignity to Trafalgar Square by bringing in the Admiralty Arch and reconstructing Charing Cross, which will have a new bridge at last; a Processional Way from Victoria to Buckingham Palace and to Tower Hill; the opening-up of the British Museum; the expansion of Piccadilly Circus as far as the Haymarket, with Eros in the centre and grass patches about it, and, of course, the grand opening up of St Paul's with a way leading up to it from the river.

Those who are thrilled by the chance of all these things happening (even by the chance of thinking they may come true) should go to Burlington House and see this dream in being. London is battered and broken, but on one of her most historic stones are the words "I shall rise again." On that stone Christopher Wren built St Paul's, and its motto rings once more through the stout hearts of all London. She will rise again with a glory of which not half has ever been told.

## Trains Full of Smoke A GROWING NUISANCE

Many people seemed surprised when a magistrate took the part of a non-smoker in a railway-carriage dispute. The law was on the non-smoker's side, but public sentiment was assumed to be against him.

The magistrate made it clear that the non-smoker had his just rights, which would be upheld in that court, anyway. Meanwhile, it seems that the railways are now going to take measures against those members of the public who misuse non-smoking compartments. Trains are full of smoke in these days, and it is hard to find a carriage free from it.

The proportion of non-smoking compartments is now one in ten, but, despite the increased consumption of tobacco, the number of non-smokers is increasing. Many young men today will tell you that they have never smoked at all, and do not intend to begin; many older men are giving up smoking because they can no longer afford it or because they do not wish to indulge their luxuries at the cost of our merchant seamen.

In the circumstances it would seem that the railway companies should not merely protect the comfort of their non-smoking patrons, but place more non-smoking compartments at their disposal, and limit them strictly to non-smokers.

The United States has much more severe notions about smoking than we have. In some States smoking in cinemas is prohibited, and on all the railways the only smoking compartments are, as a rule, a small corner at the rear of each coach, and the observation-platform at the back of the train, which is open to the air.

## 8000 Secret Stocks of Food

In war we have not only to fetch food from over the seas along paths of great danger, but to find safe storage for it on arrival. That is no small task, for ports, transport lines, and warehouses are special marks for the enemy. Lord Woolton, we are told, has found 8000 secret places for our food. There are not only giant stores built for this special purpose, but such diverse shelters as castles, grandstands, golf clubs, caves, old mine workings, and other places near enough to centres of population to make them readily available, yet safe enough to afford protection for their precious contents.

We have to picture the millions of tons of food in store as in constant movement, passing from ship to shore, from port to store, and from store to the reserves of traders and manufacturers. This is under the special management of a warehouse division of the Ministry of Food, whose very difficult job it is to study safety while preventing waste through loss of freshness.

## Turn the Light Off

## ALGOL, THE DEMON STAR OF MEDUSA A Stellar Eclipse of Long Ago

A CELESTIAL event which happened about 120 years ago, writes the C.N. Astronomer, may be witnessed next week, when a very good opportunity will occur for seeing the effect of what happened long before we were born. Then a great and relatively dark world-in-the-making came between the Earth and a great sun, so vast and brilliant that it radiates some 200 times more heat and light than does our Sun. This sun is the famous Algol, the "Demon Star" of the ancient astronomers, so-called because it symbolised the Head of Medusa, a demon of Greek mythology, whose tresses were supposed to be composed of serpents instead of curls.

This great planetary body which revolves round Algol appears, from calculation, to be larger than Algol itself, but is at present doubtless largely composed of gaseous atmospheric material, possibly similar to Saturn's but somewhat luminous. Recently there has been found evidence that this body reflects some of the light of the brilliant Algol, which must be the case because this great sphere appears, from spectroscopic measurements to be only about 2,174,000 miles away from its great central sun.

This reflected light becomes evident by a general increase of the light from the Algol System when the sunlit side of this planetary body is turned towards us, even though the body itself appears too faint and too close to Algol to be perceived with present telescopic powers. Great tidal effects must also be experienced by a great sphere so close to Algol, and there is evidence for this also, notwithstanding Algol's great distance, which is about 7,594,000 times farther than our Sun.

Now it so happens, as many of our readers are aware, that this great dark sphere periodically comes partly between our world and Algol, when about two-thirds of this brilliant sun's light is intercepted; actually a partial eclipse of that distant past will be presented to us on the evening of November 4 next, when, our Moon being out of the way, Algol may be readily found with the

aid of our star-map high up in the eastern sky early in the evening, say between 6 and 7 o'clock. The surrounding stars of Perseus will indicate for certain which is Algol.

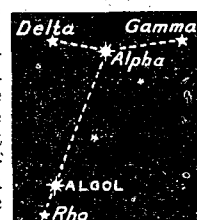
Algol will then appear at its normal brilliance, which is nearly as bright as the star Alpha and much brighter than the star Rho, which will be found just below Algol. But from about 7 o'clock until about 10 a gradual diminution of Algol's light will be seen, until it will appear not nearly so bright as Alpha and scarcely as bright as the fourth-magnitude star Rho.

During these three hours, 120 years ago, that great dark planetary sphere was coming between our world and Algol, then it began to pass off, and this we may witness during the succeeding 3½ to 4 hours as Algol gradually regains its former brilliance, which will be towards 2 a.m.

## A Winter Spectacle

By Saturday evening, November 7, part of a similar event may be witnessed, for this great dark world travels round Algol in the course of 2 days 20 hours and 49 minutes. So this succeeding eclipse will begin nearly 3 hours earlier than the one witnessed on Wednesday, and therefore in daylight when Algol cannot be seen. However, as soon as the sky is dark, say after about 6 o'clock, and Algol is found, it will be seen that it is undergoing eclipse.

Thus these famous eclipses recur, and may be calculated so as to be witnessed repeatedly through the winter, though it will be found that several may happen before another becomes visible; this is chiefly owing to the presence of daylight or moonlight. G. F. M.



Chief stars of Perseus, showing position of Algol

## BEDTIME CORNER

### GOOD ADVICE

If you your lips  
Would keep from slips,  
Five things observe with care!  
Of whom you speak,  
To whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where.

### Riddle

Why should we never tell  
secrets in a cornfield?  
Because there are so many  
ears there.

### The Dancing Monkeys

AN Eastern king had a number of monkeys taught dancing. They became so skilful and looked almost human when they were dressed in clothes like children, so that whenever the king had visitors the monkeys were led in to dance.

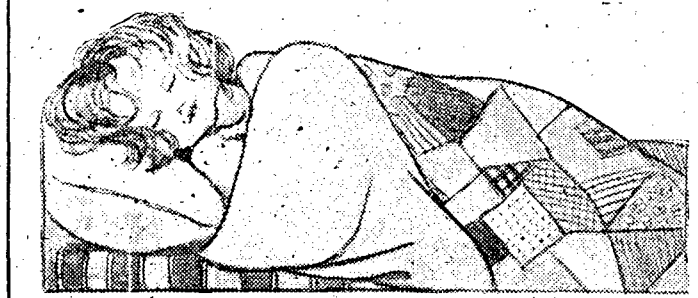
"They are so thoroughly well trained," said the king, "that they have long ceased to have any of the habits of monkeys."

One day a visitor threw a handful of nuts among the monkeys, and in a moment they stopped their dancing and scrambled for the nuts, as though in their native forest.

Fine dress does not change the nature.

### PRAYER

I THANK Thee, Lord, for all Thy goodness to me this day. Be with me through the night and in the morning. Bear with me in all my wilfulness and support me in any trouble that may come. Make me kind and patient with all my friends and bring me safely to another restful night. Amen



## The Choir at Tring Would Not Sing

We have been looking through a copy of an old newspaper published on Sunday, June 24, 1827, and find this paragraph about the town of Tring.

A SINGULAR occurrence took place in the parish church of Tring, in Hertfordshire, on Sunday morning last. The clergyman having given some offence to the musical persons who usually form the choir, that important part of a country church called the Singing Gallery was left wholly unoccupied, and the clerk in vain announced the psalm with "Let us sing to the praise, etc." in his most inviting way.

No one answered the invitation; and the silence remained unbroken by a single voice for at least ten minutes, the congregation staring at each other in

stupid amazement. At length the clerk rose and read from a written paper that he was desired to give notice it was not the intention of the minister to preach a sermon until the congregation sung a psalm.

Again universal silence reigned, except only where a good-natured old gentleman was seen skipping from his pew using his utmost powers of persuasion to induce some one of his neighbours to begin "the stave," but, all being ineffectual, the clerk, after another space of five or six minutes, again rose and said he was desired to give notice that there would be no sermon. The congregation, thus unceremoniously dismissed, left the church without the usual blessing, or any other formal close to divine worship.



The Children's Newspaper, October 31, 1942

## Malta's Thousand Blows at the Nazis

MALTA has brought down its thousandth enemy plane. In all the tale of the war there is no more heroic page than that which tells of the courage and skill of the defenders and people of this rocky island so near the enemy coast. Today they are making new homes from the wreckage of their old ones.

With 300 tons of bombs falling daily on the island, it is wonderful that casualties have not been heavier, but Malta is built on rock as tough as the Maltese themselves, and its shelters are magnificent. When the bombing was at its worst each family dug out a rock shelter for itself.

Long before the war Mussolini and his henchmen made great play with the tale of "British tyranny" in Malta, which they claimed to regard as an Italian island; but the Maltese are not Italians; far from it. Indeed, their traditions go back to the days of Carthage, when Hannibal defeated the powerful Roman armies in battle after battle. They are really a Carthaginian people, and their interesting language shows many traces of the old and forgotten Punic tongue.

It is true that it contains a strong mixture of Italian words, but only the best-educated classes speak Italian and when war came there were no quislings even among these.

Malta has been invaded many times, but not conquered. First came the Greeks, then Carthage, then the Romans, then the Greeks again, then the Arabs, who have left many traces of their occupation in the island.

It was Charles the Fifth, the great Spanish emperor, who gave Malta the most glorious epoch in her history except that of this moment, by handing her over to the Knights of St. John.

The Knights built the fortifications which made Malta such a powerful bastion of Christianity for centuries, and when at last, in 1798, the Knights surrendered the island to the French, the islanders soon rose up and drove them out after a two-year siege.

It was because the French occupation troops had behaved

so badly that the Maltese rose against them. For the British, however, who had helped them to regain their independence, they had great admiration, and protested violently when it was proposed to restore the island to the Knights. The Maltese said they preferred to be under the British flag, and so we refused to give up the island. This was one of the grounds given by Napoleon for resuming hostilities.

Malta was finally recognised in 1814 as a British dependency, and the Maltese have been passionately loyal Britishers ever since. Their connection with the British Navy was their chief pride, but now they can well stand on their own feet, after their magnificent exploits.

An interesting sidelight was thrown upon this loyalty in 1904, when under an Order passed chiefly to placate Italian trouble-making, Maltese parents were asked whether they would prefer their children to learn English or Italian at school. The choice went to English, by nearly 94 per cent. This is all the more remarkable because most Maltese speak only their own language.

With all the glory of Malta itself, little limelight has been thrown upon its three neighbour islands under the same administration: Gozo, Comino, and Cominotto. The last two are mere rocks, but Gozo has quite a fair population. The Roman poet Ovid, nearly 2000 years ago, wrote, "Fruitful is Malta, barren Gozo's neighbour," but Gozo is not barren today. It may look barren, but so also does fertile Malta, because there are few trees and the gardens are enclosed in high walls to keep off the winds.

We should think of poor little Gozo sometimes when we speak of George Cross Island.

## Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC Children's Hour programmes from Wednesday, October 28 to Tuesday, November 3 inclusive.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Said the Cat to the Dog (Number 16), by Martin Armstrong; followed by Young Artists, a programme to encourage talent. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Louisa M. Alcott's Little Women—Part 3, Sunshine and Clouds.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Russian Aesop, the story of Kriloff and his Fables, by Stella Mead. 5.45 Gardening Talk by H. G. Fleet.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Scottish Children's Players in Folk Tunes and Plays about Hallowe'en, assisted by the Kelvin Piano Quintet.

SUNDAY, 5.20 The Coleraine Linnet's Choir. 5.55 Prayers.

MONDAY, 5.20 By River and Stream, a Scottish Song and Story feature, devised by Andrew P. Wilson. Also a recorded feature from an evacuated school somewhere in Scotland, Lessons Can Be Fun.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Out with Romany—more adventures among birds and animals.

## A Patriot and His WASTE-PAPER Are Soon Parted

## ANIMAL FRIENDS

An Australian reader sends us a note about a boy who rides to school on a pony, being followed every morning by the dog, which stays by the pony in the school paddock till it is time to go.

Also our correspondent sees from his window a cow and a sheep on the roadside. The sheep was reared as a pet lamb, but was put into the paddock with the cow as soon as it could eat grass, and has now become greatly attached to the cow. When the grass is short they are allowed on the wayside, but keep together. Often our correspondent has seen the sheep gallop away from a flock of sheep passing by, getting mixed up in them sometimes, but always coming back to its friend the cow.

## Oil From Fruit

There is a shortage of almond oil, both here and across the Atlantic, but a new source of essential oils is being tapped.

These are the kernels of apricots, peaches, and even cherries, which have hitherto been scrapped as waste in the fruit-canning factories. They are now being collected and treated so as to extract the oil from them.

## ABOUT MONEY

### The Boy Talks With the Man

**Boy.** Please tell me about money. I do not understand it, and I am told few people do.

**Man.** It is not difficult to understand money, and the fact that few people really understand it is due only to the mystery with which it is surrounded by the banks, the modern manufacturers of money. Money arose to facilitate barter. Barter, of course, is a simple exchange of one sort of thing for another, as when a boy changes a penknife for stamps.

But how could we exchange corn for beef if one party wanted only a little corn while the owner of the ox did not wish to divide it? Therefore, it was simple enough to settle on some much-wanted substance what could be readily divided, such as iron or copper or silver or gold, so many bits for a cow or so many for a sword.

**Boy.** But the money we use now is often made of paper. How did that arise?

**Man.** In this way. Gold, a rare, beautiful, and untarnishable metal, came to be used as money because everyone would accept it, and the goldsmiths discovered that paper receipts, issued for gold deposited with them, became accepted as money because the goldsmith, as a reputable man, would honour his receipts for gold. From this arose the brilliant idea that the dealer in gold could readily issue paper certificates bearing a promise to pay out gold not actually in his possession. Those receipts for gold were *paper money*, and the gold dealer became a "banker," the manufacturer of money. A profitable matter—to possess, say, £1000 of deposited gold and to base upon it the lending at interest of say £20,000 worth of paper certificates promising to pay, in the belief that it was unlikely that many holders of certificates would all at once demand their gold.

**Boy.** Did the bankers sometimes fail to produce the promised gold when asked for it?

**Man.** Yes; in 1931 we in Britain had to go off the gold standard because the Bank of England had promised to pay an enormous amount of gold not held by it.

**Boy.** If not gold certificates, what are these banknotes which clearly promise to pay out what the banks do not possess?

**Man.** They depend for their value not on the possession of gold, but on the possession of "credit," the power to give value for money in some acceptable shape. It is the banks who manufacture these credits, which for the most part consist of loans granted by banks to their customers on security, bills of exchange, and so on. Upon these credits business men draw cheques, which are bits of paper, enabling them to pay for such goods as they may require. This works in practice, so long as the banks safeguard the process by not allowing their credits, as a whole, to run beyond productive power.

**Boy.** But if gold is no longer in practical use as money, what object is there in allowing banks to provide us with paper money or credit? Why should not the nation itself control money?

**Man.** You are asking a question which is being increasingly asked by those who handle every day promises to pay which depend on the work and wealth output of the nation. There can be no doubt that when the Government abolished gold as a standard money in 1931 they took a step which led almost immediately to the discovery that gold could be safely dethroned, as it has been dethroned in practice, and to the further step that the nation will, sooner or later, balance money tokens against national output.

## A Great Change Has Come Over Us

The scholars of Newport Grammar School, in Essex, have had the good fortune to listen to Mr Charles Morgan, the novelist and dramatic critic of *The Times*, talking to them on the war, the President of the Board of Education listening with them. We take this from Mr Morgan's fine speech.

NEVER was there a revolution of the mind so profound and unspectacular as that which was accomplished among us during that summer and autumn of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain. We knew then that the war must be very long—so long, so costly, that no man living among us could hope that victory would yield any profit to himself.

The national attitude of mind was radically different from what it had been in the last war. Then men had differed about its probable length—one year? two years? four, as it turned out—but everyone in his mind put a bracket round the period of hostilities and said, "After the war I shall do this or that."

Today no one thinks in those terms. There is no reckoning of three years, four years, five. There is no idle speculation of what I shall do "after the war,"

for no one has any strong personal conviction that he will be there or has any grounds for knowing whether he will be young or middle-aged or old. And, just as people do not say, "After the war I shall do this or that," so they do not say, "After the war I shall have this or that." Life and property have ceased to be a miser's hoard.

Is not this a change of values? Is not this an undoing of the knot by which the problem of modernism was stubbornly bound? "Take no thought for the morrow . . . Sell all that thou hast." I believe men are approaching a natural and spontaneous obedience to those two commands. If this is true, if what is dying is the possessive view of life and property, the consequent rebirth may well be comparable in depth and vitality with the coming of Christianity.

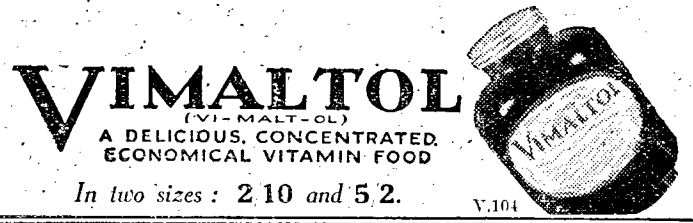


*Just as nice as the most Delicious Jam!*

FOR maintaining vigorous health all through the winter every boy and girl needs an ample supply of the protective food elements as a safeguard against winter ills and to build up a strong constitution.

For these reasons, ask your mother to see that you have 'Vimaltol' every day. This delicious vitamin food is a preparation of the highest quality which possesses the important food properties required to increase strength and weight and to fortify your resistance to coughs and chills and other winter ailments.

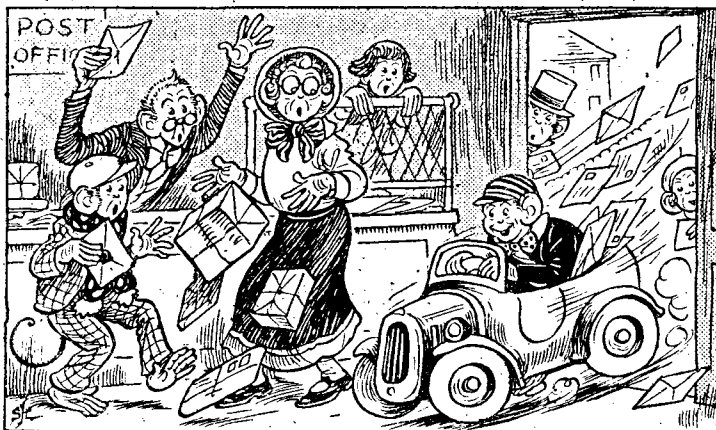
'Vimaltol' has a really delightful taste which you will find irresistible. Moreover, being highly concentrated, 'Vimaltol' is very economical in use.





# The BRAN TUB

## Jacko Catches the Post



JACKO is sent to the post with some important letters. "Hurry," said his father; "they're urgent." Jacko jumps into Baby's toy motor and rides away furiously. He is going so fast that when he reaches the post office he goes right on through the door before he can stop himself.

### POINT OF VIEW

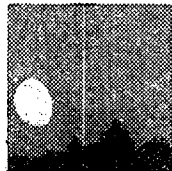
TOMMY: My teacher's got the worst memory in the world.

Father: So he forgets everything, does he?

Tommy: No; he remembers everything.

### Other Worlds

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen just before midnight on Saturday, October 31.



### Berg-Breaker

A BENIGN and considerate whale met an iceberg adrift in a gale. "Such a huge one," said he, "Is a danger at sea!" So he smashed it up small with his tail.

## SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). Including Purchase Tax. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½. (Including Purchase Tax.) Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

### It Would

A DEAR old lady had been prevailed upon by a young relative to attend his school's sports. She was much interested in the tug-of-war, and after a long tussle between two teams she turned to her escort and said: "But wouldn't it save a lot of trouble, dear, if they were to cut the rope in the middle?"

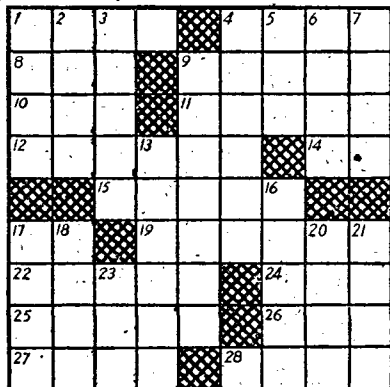
### USELESS HEAD



THE man who shut the window down, And left his head outside, Did not display intelligence, It cannot be denied.

### Do You Live at Pontefract?

IN 1160 Pontefract was spelt Pontifractus, and the name is derived from the Latin ponte fracto, meaning broken bridge. No doubt the place obtained this name when William the First destroyed the bridge there in 1069.



### THE LITTLE THINGS

OH, it's just the little homely things, The unobtrusive, friendly things, The won't-you-let-me-help-you things, That make our pathway light.

And it's just the jolly joking things, The never-mind-the-trouble things, The "laugh-with-me-it's-funny" things, That make the world seem bright.

For all the countless famous things, The wondrous record-breaking things, Those never-to-be-recalled things, That all the papers cite,

Are not like the little human things, The everyday-encountered things, The "just-because-I-like-you" things, That make us happy quite.

So here's to all the little things, The done-and-then-forgotten things, These "oh-it's-simply-nothing" things, That make life worth the fight. Borrowed with thanks from a parish magazine

### CONVINCING

A POLITICIAN was being complimented on an excellent speech he had made.

"You are always so convincing," said his admirer.

"Yes, you see," said the speaker, becoming confidential, "I always find out in advance what the views of my hearers are likely to be, and then to convince them is quite easy."

### What Is It?

SOMETIMES I'm hard, at others soft, In various shapes you've seen me oft; I'm round and square and oval too, Or any pattern named by you; Both large and small, each size between; In colours numerous I'm seen; You tread on me when out you walk; I'm sometimes near akin to chalk; Men give to me a kind of grace; In every town I have a place Wherever houses may be found, But I'm not always on the ground; I tower high above your head, And yet I'm on the ocean's bed; A weight I am, well known in trade; In fruit I'm often found tis said; Yet to be mineral I claim, And ask you now to give my name.

### Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Poet and singer. 4 To throw. 8 To be obliged for. 9 This fed the Israelites in the wilderness. 10 Unequaled in the air. 11 Ridiculous gesture. 12 Protects the eye. 14 Port. 15 Wireless. 17 Transpose. 19 Travelling salesman. 22 To mature. 24 Anger. 25 Images. 26 To contend. 27 Favourite animals. 28 Chief.

Reading Down. 1 Kind of tide. 2 Absent. 3 To consult. 4 Open and sincere. 5 Busy insect. 6 Cut off with scissors. 7 Skill in saying the right thing. 9 Girls. 13 Folded-back parts of a coat. 16 Tree having oil-bearing berries. 17 Journey. 18 Travel on a horse. 20 Short song. 21 Tall grass of marshy places. 23 Cooking utensil.

Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week

### Arithmetical Problem

A FATHER divided a certain sum of money equally among his seven boys, giving to each exactly ten shillings less than the total amount. How much did each boy receive?

Answer next week

### Proverbs About Reputation

A good name keeps its lustre in the dark.

A great reputation is a great charge.

A good name is better than a good face.

Get a good name and go to sleep.

More credit may be thrown down in a moment than can be built up in an age.

Take away my good name, take away my life.

### HERE LIES A DOG

AT Byron's home in Nottinghamshire, Newstead Abbey, is a marble monument to his dog. Standing on a plinth of six steps and surmounted by an urn, it bears this epitaph by Byron:

Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed

Beauty without Vanity, Strength without Insolence, Courage without Ferocity, and all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.

This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery

if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the

memory of Boatswain, a dog, who was born at Newfoundland,

May 1803, and died at Newstead Abbey, Nov 18, 1808.



The THREE MUSTARDEERS get a full ration of adventure



Midnight! The Three Mustardeers, looking for ghosts, saw a white shape enter the Haunted Tower. "Spectrum," squeaked Roger, "Spectre, you mean," groaned Roger. "But—sh!" They crept to the Tower.

Nothing there! Then a flagstone moved up—another man carrying a large white shape. Then began a fierce fight.

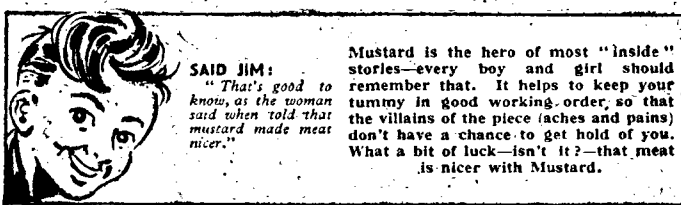


Overpowered, the Mustardeers were dragged through the trap door to an old dungeon below. They stared aghast as, in the lamplight, they saw white-shrouded—carcasses of meat.

Seeing the meat, Roger remembered the tin of mustard he'd forgotten to leave for his mother. "Look! meat needs mustard. Here it is." Opening the tin, he threw the contents in the eyes of the nearest man.



The man, blinded, screamed. The other leapt forward. Jim tripped him. They dashed up the steps. The man followed. Slam went the flagstone on his head. "Quick, here, Grand work, youngsters. We'll soon have this racket stamped out."



Said Jim: "That's good to know, as the woman said when told that mustard made meat nicer."

Mustard is the hero of most "inside" stories—every boy and girl should remember that. It helps to keep your tummy in good working order, so that the villains of the piece (aches and pains) don't have a chance to get hold of you. What a bit of luck—Isn't it?—that meat is nicer with Mustard.

## COLMAN'S MUSTARD